

SUN-BLOSSOMS

NIRODBARAN

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FOREWORD

AFTER the inevitable but temporary eclipse of its true aim and function which poetry suffered in recent times in common with all the other cultural values of life owing to the preponderantly externalised activism of the modern age, it seems to be endeavouring not only to recover the height of its past achievement from which it fell but also, enriched inwardly even from this fall and made more puissantly conscious of its high purpose, to rise to yet newer and greater heights, once again the poetic spirit seems to be coming to the front as a luminous guide to "the ever-progressing soul of humanity", once again it seems to be resuming its essential function of being the mediator between the truth of the spirit and the truth of life and of revealing through inspired rhythmic word the infinite delight and beauty of the spirit on all the manifold planes of its manifestation. Now that we are retracing our steps from the error of considering as final and all-sufficient the merely materialistic, vitalistic and even idealistic explanations and interpretations of life and its aim and, going further and deeper, are admitting the greater all-reconciling and integrating truth of the spirit and endeavouring for its realisation and expression in life, poetry equally with the other arts,—or perhaps more than the other arts, it being according to Sri Aurobindo, "the most complete of all the arts and most subtle of our means of aesthetic self-expression"—is rightly felt to be one of the most powerful aids to this endeavour.

At the centre of this creative effort stands Sri Aurobindo whose recent poetical work (only a little of which is as yet published) is a unique, unprecedented and stupendous outburst from the topmost peaks of spiritual vision and inspiration. His work is too great for our normal standards to judge at its proper value, or perhaps too near in point of time for us to appreciate adequately, perhaps even the greatest of creative work in such a neglected field as poetry has inevitably to wait for some lapse of time before it gets even nodding recognition.

But Sri Aurobindo is no lonely creator working for personal aims and his creative work is not confined merely to poetry. He is the Master-moulder of the temper of the coming age. Though, like Leonardo Da Vinci of the earlier age, he might carry on his work away from the superficial tumult of his time, he, like him, is working at the

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very centre of the evolutionary march of the race, controlling the main-springs of the upward surge of progressive forces, releasing from their involved secrecy and setting forth in dynamic motion the root powers that shape the mind and life of the coming age. Not only are alive in him the magnificence and the greatness of all the past cultural ages, not only has he a firm grasp over all the essential achievements of the present age, but also by him is carried forward all this splendid greatness of the past and the present towards a still more golden future. More than any other person, he is the torch-bearer of our age, the opener of doors to unknown far-flung splendours, the bringer of the dawn of Divine Life.

In the field of poetry too Sri Aurobindo is the Master, but his work is not confined only to his own great poetic achievement, he has also created poetry of singular beauty and excellence through some others who have allowed his master-hands to mould their poetic faculties to extraordinary greatness. In the radiant ethereal heavens of the Poetic Muse Sri Aurobindo is the Sun round whom revolve his satellites, nourished and sustained by the light they receive from him.

Nirodbaran, a selection of whose poems is presented in this volume, is evidently one of the satellites of the Aurobindonian Sun. Qualified for medical profession, he could be least expected to make his way into so disparate a field as poetry and it is doubtful if he would have turned out any valuable poetry, had he not come under Sri Aurobindo's potent influence. This is not meant to imply that he came to, and has been living for past several years near, Sri Aurobindo to become a great poet nor to suggest that Sri Aurobindo's influence on others consists in creating literary greatness in them. The aim of Sri Aurobindo's endeavour being fundamentally none other than the realisation of the Spirit, his influence on those who choose to follow him works primarily to no other end than their spiritual development. But since Sri Aurobindo's acceptance of the central spiritual aim does not imply a complete and unqualified rejection of life and its values, but rather involves their deliverance from their basic insufficiency and a fulfilment of their secret urge by a thoroughgoing and drastic spiritual transmutation of all their powers, no significant endeavour in any field of life is left out of his total and comprehensive aim. The pursuit of the aesthetic value (of which poetry forms a very powerful channel)—the seeking for the beautiful and delightful in man and nature and God and in all things—has always been one of these high endeavours of the race and in Sri Aurobindo's integral aim it occupies an important place in so far as it helps us to draw near, contact directly and realise

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intimately the infinite Bliss and Beauty of the Spirit in its essential self-existence as also in its endless manifestation everywhere and, having realised them, to seek for their expression through the inspired rhythmic word and the revelatory vision

The intense imprint of this inspired intuitive word and vision is evident everywhere in the poems included in this volume, everywhere the lines seem highly vibrating to the subtle felicitous music of some distant and lofty planes of the Spirit, everywhere is felt the enchanting impact on our listening of the voice of the spiritual muse singing sometimes in delicate exquisite strains, sometimes in profound massive tones, sometimes in wide-winged, high-soaring rhythms. Nowhere the authentic intuitive inspired utterance gets stifled or marred by the falsifying intrusion of the external speech, nowhere the intrinsic light of the inner vision gets clouded or blurred in the revealing expression, nowhere the deeper subtle profundities and potencies get cribbed or maimed in transmission. The height and intensity of the poet's inspiration no doubt varies, but even at his lowest pitch he never forsakes the intuitive felicity of the genuinely inspired word and vision, never does he lapse into the mere intellectualised or the externally vital or sensational mode of speech or seeing. Even at a very moderate estimate Nirodbaran's poetry must rank very high indeed, truly evaluated, it must be acclaimed as a definitive milestone on the slowly unfolding path of the evolution of the future poetry

KISHOR H. GANDHI

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Part One

I READ life's mystery sculptured in thy Face:
Wonder inscrutable, bring close to my sight
The fathomless beauty of thy mortal gaze
Whence leaps the splendour of the Infinite.

The pure and delicate touches of thy hand
Awake an unforgettable ecstasy.
My human heart begins to understand
Thou art the home of all felicity.

Through interminable changes I feel
An unbroken link that draws me near and near
Till on the verge of time Thou shalt reveal
The secret Truth hidden in thy heart's sphere,

And life with golden wings of vision sail
Across the spirit's unnavigated seas,
Dropping this weary earth like a crumpled veil
Upon a shore of sombre memories.

OUT of your face there look at me
Two fathomless inexpressible eyes,
And from the heaven of their gaze
Outpour a wine of gold sun-rise.

I lose myself in its nectar-flood,
A star burning in caves of night.
Remembrances of happy thoughts
Come winging from a sleepless height.

An ocean-like immensity
Invades my narrow earthly stream
With an ineffable calm and peace,
Its waves are crested with a gleam

Of beauty, child of thy delight:
The heart of dimness glows within,
As the veil slowly fades away
And new paths open to unseen

Vistas where mortal vision pales.
An infinite silence born of Thee
Awakes and an immortal rhythm
Of measureless felicity!

AN emptiness has fallen
On my days of silver dream
Bordered with streaks of gold,
Thy vision's shadowless gleam.

Dim reminiscences
Of flight across thy skies
Stir in my voiceless heart
As I front thy fathomless eyes.

Like a fire of moon-delight
My spirit shines on thy sea,
Breaking and forming its life
With waves of thy ecstasy.

Strange figures come and go
Circling my impregnable
Fortress of marble rocks
Founded on thy God-will.

How from an invisible height
With infinite care and pains
Thou carvest on each cell
Beauty that never wanes,

A sleepless hush of light
Mirroring thy domeless mind
On its transparent orb
Of space rainbow-outlined!

Slowly the secret hands
Working thy mystic law
Bring into luminous view
The Beyond and then withdraw

Behind the veil of time:
Now the spirit's loneliness
Is crowned with the majesty
Of thy gold vastitude!

UNDER the white felicitous eye of the moon
My heart spreads slowly wings drunk with the infinite
In wide, blue spaces of air, lost in a swoon,
It floats like a glad song from height to height.

Earth's narrow cage dwindles into a dot,
The hills and trees with their cool, emerald shade
Seem like old memories, a vanishing spot
On life's horizon—of dim shadows made.

Now the stars' fragrant breath runs in the veins
And lightning-tremors murmuringly flow.
One with the astral body's lambent glow,
My flaming sight a new world-vision gains,

Where all creation is a Godward cry
In a vast plenitude of ecstasy.

I SAW a shape of heaven's delight
Playing on the earth's sombre shore,
Whose beauty opening to dawn-sight
Surprised my heart's lone slumbering door.

Her face was a splendour of living hue
Culled like the morning's single rose:
Never a cloud or shadow she knew,
A child of heaven's bright repose.

From dawn to eve she played with time
As if her feet could never tire,
A deathless rhythm, a heavenly rhyme,
Was her untamable soul of fire.

Her laughter like a magic bell
Cleaving the night's dark consciousness
Echoed in memory's amber shell
And in spirals lost its moon-white trace.

Whenever her limbs of light would take her
Through trodden ways under arches of thought,
Even a murmur would awake her
To an ancient solitude star-enwrought.

The sky, the earth and the rocking sea
Are the sleepless cradle of her vision;
A growing flame of infinity,
Her birth was a celestial mission.

HER eyes shine like a glistening crescent moon
On a vast blue background of radiant peace;
Stars flaming shaped her body's curves of bliss
To the perfect beauty of a heavenly tune.

Tapering fingers of an infinite Force
Mould life's grey mire to a bright rhythm of sun:
Through a gold glowing network lustre-spun
The luminous breath into earth's darkness pours.

Her footfalls bring a stainless hush of time
Like slumbering coils of matted clouds on sky;
Piercing the horizons fire-intensities climb
Towards the ultimate source, the blazing eye,

The inexhaustible celestial stream
Whence she came veiled like an embodied dream.

LIFE is a veil that covers a spirit-sky,
An infinite range of stars is held concealed,
And all that reaches from these firmly sealed
Heavens are but dim flickers of things high.

An inexhaustible source is there of Peace,
A Light unborn, undreamt of by this world.
Like songs in a silent bosom scarlet-pearled
It sleeps, bathed in the spray of seven seas.

The hour has come and, pierced through burning sands
Of desert-fire, the murmuring voice is heard
Of a gold stream What mighty crystal hands
Release the music-flood of the Sun-bird?

The veil withdraws, and yet few only see
The figure of winged Light, wrapped Mystery!

CALM like the mountain and inviolable
Rises this star out of the morning-sea
Hewn slowly from God's hushed creative will,
First word breaking the womb of agony.

A voice it brings and opens the hidden door
Through a narrow fissure of encrusted earth:
A blazing eye of the invisible core
Comes down like an eagle into mortal birth.

Life's dead, and from its voiceless grave of snow
A million rays reflect the unborn sun;
Nothing that has lived lone in its white flow
Is ever dead, but a still silence won

Into the throb of hueless matted coils:
A jewel fashioned from rock-stone of toils.

A GIANT figure carved from the rock of Night
Chiselled with poignant fires of Sun and Moon,
A body outlined with a measureless might
Where heaven and earth have joined their spirit-rune.

A myriad streams flow from his luminous feet
To elemental spheres of voiceless hush
Where nascent worlds are rhythmmed to one heart-beat,
Lit with creation's primal roseate blush.

He stands behind the heaving stress of the hours,
A tower of triumphant Force and Light,
A lonely peak crowned with the Infinite
Hiding within a passion-heart of flowers.

Lightening our shadowy blossom of life his grace
Hews from earth's clay beauty of a white-moon face

A MOONBEAM path trails slowly away
Across the quiet sea
And kindled glows with diamond sparks
Of starry intensity.

Gold flames floating on a dim sky
Illume the grooves of night,
And falling on barred distances
Of sheer untrammelled height

Reflect the majesty of a still
And lonely figure of trance—
A monument of giant strength
Stabbing the dark expanse

Upon its poignant cutting edge
Smiles a deathless moon,
While glistening waters dream below
Lulled to a radiant swoon.

A path across its bosom winds
To an infinite source of peace—
An outblaze of immortal light
Over the slumbering seas!

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Earth-Cry

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BRIGHT mystery of earth, O foam-washed shore
On the edge of time, you bring thoughts pale and sweet
Of happiness long lost, memories that bore
In their veiled bosom twilight's starry heart-beat!

These desert-tracts, as they lie lifeless, cold—
Strange melancholies buried in their sand,
Are like dry barren moments deeply scrolled
On endless canvas by an inscrutable hand.

Whence like a cry of fire night and day
Your soul climbs to the topless distant peaks
In the heart of solemn vastness holding sway,
Lined with immutable silence's golden streaks.

Your body's faint murmur falls slowly heard,
A dying warrior's last half-spoken word.

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THE flame of an eternal life
Burns only like a deathless star,
Inviolable as a cliff
Its incense-wings rise towards the Far.

On our high summit tracts it throws
Reflections of a shadowless bliss,
Fragrance of heaven's immortal Rose,
A glory of crimson silences.

A rapture cadence of a wave
From an immutable moon-fringed sky,
It came into the body's cave—
The Timeless seizing time's deep cry.

The smile of a sun-haloed Face
Colours the bare and voiceless sea;
In breathless bleak and trammelled space
Heart-beats of moon-white ecstasy!

Winged Release

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BRING down from heaven the luminous spark,
In ruthless lightning-fires burn
The impenetrable abysm's dark;
Then open like a flower and turn

Each atom to the fathomless
Infinities of an unknown Sun,
Fill like a cup thy consciousness
Emptied of the spirit's oblivion.

Cast from thee the firm gyves of Time,
Reveal the soul's intensities,
The lofty vision, the sublime
Heights, the ineffable stillnesses.

In the immutable depths of God
Seek the elusive Mystery,
Jewelled with his delight and shod
With his unborn felicity,

The limit and the transient bond
Fallen like a shattered pot,
Find winged release in the Beyond—
A shadowless flight of a gold Thought.

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NOT in those dust-born particles of breath
But on the height of a blue deathless hill
Is the unshakable peace, the golden wreath
Of crowning victory, the world-forging will.

On burning sands life's futile caravans tread
Lured by the passionate flicker-call of flesh,
In the same blind eager circles ever led
Through the labyrinthine desert's mesh on mesh.

Find rather under the soul's austere sign
The pure fountains of heaven's deluge-fire,
The rock-embedded source, the spirit-mine,
The immortal wine of sovereign Desire.

Plunge into silence of that bourneless sea,
Mirror of the vast wings of eternity.

Burn No More Candles



BURN no more candles in a mid-night heart :
Sleep like a child in utter self-lost peace,
All ripples from life's surface shall depart
Into a lulled abode of motionless seas.

Under the veil of blue infinity
Where deathless eyes like flaming jewels shine,
Tread moments crowned with new birth's ecstasy
Over memory's threshold in the spirit's shrine.

Space has lost all its heavy hue of sighs
In a colourless still mystery of sound
The artist aureoled Sun-goddess dyes,
A symphony descending earthward bound.

Deep silence now has come upon the night,
Moon-song and star-song and gold-fretted Light.



The Call Of Light



O PURPLE glory of Light, thy mystic call
Echoes in my heart as in a hollow cave;
Its voice pierces the age-old stony wall,
It brings still peace as of a timeless grave.

Sapphire cascade, surging from thy hidden source
Through winding tracks of night, bathe in thy spray.
All blemish purged by thy immaculate Force,
Let my soul shine as on the first-born day.

That twilight gaiety with its rainbow smile
Across the glimmering vista of the sky
Captives like a snake's fire-enchanted eye
In the dreary meshes of a bondage-will.

On Thy star-woven wings, O bird of Light,
Release my spirit to thy purple height.



CREATION now is hushed to radiant sleep—
The shimmering foliage and the smiling flower,
The pale suspense of water round a steep
Lone mountain silver-robed. At this cool hour
When a vast silence crowns the depth and height,
Wrapt in calm reverie, I watch the moon,
My soul's own counterpart, transform the night
To an inexpressible ethereal tune,
Echoed through unbound space in starry gleams.
The tenuous sails upon the passionless sky
Carry to magic shores my prisoned dreams
That through long births have blossomed but to die.

Now a life's weary quest shall be fulfilled,
For on my brow his promise He has sealed.

BELATED traveller, vainly dost thou mourn
Because the transient night engulfs thy way!
Thou art not on the perilous road alone,
Left to some cruel demon's sovereign sway.

Dwell not, an anxious miser over his hoard,
On joys ephemeral of a drunken past,
When the divine and loving Friend has poured
His happy grace on thee and deeply cast

His light in the recesses of thy soul.
Let fear and doubt assail no more thy mind,
The luminous Guide shall bring to the bright goal
Thy boat through long unvistaed shadows blind.

Traveller, clinging take refuge at His feet
Where heaven and earth in silent adoration meet.

KEEP up the flame of sapphire-gold,
Arrow-point of the heart,
Dream-secrecy luminously scrolled
Blazons a new way's start.

The ash of dawn, the grey of eve,
The pearl of the moon
Shall track no more fire-silent heave
Climbing to the zenith noon.

Escaped from ruthless folds of dark
And wrinkled night, it has passed
The ivory gate of the twilight arc
To the halo of the Vast.

O BRIEF immaculate moments of life
In which you left
The fragrant dream of your Presence
And through night's narrow cleft

Poured a greater source of Light
And deathless was the hour,
Each memory a white blossom
Carved on a rock of immortal power!

All the voices of eternity
Whispered through a single star,
And silences spoke from a womb of trance
Of a God-loneliness far,

A Spirit-hush with silver wings
In rhythmic flight away
Beyond time's circumscribed frail thought
And the dull notes of clay,

Beyond the range of transient sight
In haunted spaces of the mind
A universe of luminous peace
Untouched by sun or moon or wind,

A pilgrimage of the solitary soul
Risen from earth's dark tomb of death
To whence began these conscious throbs of life
And end in the one ultimate Breath.

In Moonlit Silence

IN moonlit silence of the deep
The sombre shades grow to a white
Marble vision of the Infinite
In a magic land of eternal sleep.

The wide suspense of the calm sea
Shines like a brilliant play of swords,
Incense-wings scrolled with starry words
Glow with the secret Mystery.

The woodlands murmur like a stream
Echoing through the still rocks and caves
As if far half-seen glistening waves
Had washed them with a nectarous dream.

Slowly the moon pales after her brief
Smile's radiance poured upon the earth,
All laughter and phosphorescent mirth
Fall like a dead outworn leaf.

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BRIEF are the hours that come and swiftly pass
Like flickers on the face of destiny,
No memories written on its quiet glass
Leave their faint trace of bright felicity.

Silvery flares washing the lone wide shore
Remind of strange smiles from a shadowy height—
The soul's reflections drawing more and more
Close to an earth eclipsed by agelong night.

Kaleidoscopic figures cross the foam
Of Nature's unrelieved blind ocean swoon
And bring a white glimpse of moon-fringed gloam
And haloed wings throbbing to an aureoled tune,

A breath and murmur of the Vast through time
On the deep slumber of the mute Sublime.

IMMENSELY calm and most ineffably sweet
Is the regard of those half-blossomed eyes!
How gentle is the pressure of those hands
When the heart bows before her lotus-feet!
A moment's touch—what founts of joy arise
Running through dull grains of my life's dead sands
Like a cool stream where once never was shade!
As I stand rapt in that mysterious gaze,
My consciousness is hushed into a deep
Silence, being and thought and universe fade
Into oblivion, this earth's prison maze
Where in our gilded chains we laugh and weep
Through Life's unending circles, day and night,
Falls off like a leaf torn by a short breath
Of wind, the gurge of violent Time is cast
Into the silence of a lone sky-height.
I look into those God-eyes that conquer death,
Oceans of love and tides of rapture vast
Mad with a drunkard's joy I quaff and brim;
The finite for this one moment brief drinks
The Infinite

One moment only, alas!

Times seizes and Space dungeons and the dream,
The deep spell breaks. I am left on the grey brinks
Of human consciousness—weltering morass
Of a blind ignorance cresseted with desire
A dark sea with a phosphorescent Fire!

Fingers Of Light

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ON this dark corner of my cell
Fingers of Light fall—slow and white—
From the invisible crescent moon;
Ethereal seems the prisoned night!

The beams pale, slowly move away;
Through the iron bars my dream-eyes cast
A final glance: the silver trails
Wing to some unknown region's Vast.

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The Mother's Touch

MOTHER, when thou hast kept thy hand
Upon my palm
And from thy many-coloured eyes
Pourest dew-calm,
A myriad melodies awake
That slept so long:
The burden of the dark centuries
Blossoms like a song.
By the power of a soft silken touch
The Infinite speaks
Out of its hushed unbroken silence
In gold sun-streaks,
And my spirit wings up far away
Beyond time's ridge.
A moment's vision, a flickering call
Crossing the earth-bridge,
It is lost on high like a sudden eagle
In a flight of bliss:
A new birth pulses and a glow
Of unknown release.
Then, like the hasty end of a dream,
A shadow falls
On azure heights of my lustrous day.
Nature enthralls,
Or the red fire of the ignorant heart
On the body's pit
Draws down from the wide sky-suspense
Thy Infinite.
Bestow, O Mother, the solemn pledge
Of victory,
At end of the long and winding paths
Thy orb'd Divinity.

LET every moment of my life
Be crowned with diamond thoughts of Thee;
Chisel from the hard granite rocks
A statue of divinity.

Colour my dawn and desert-noon
With wonder-fires of thy delight
And tune my heaven's dusky mood
To symphonies of thy starry night.

Dispel all blemishes by thy touch
And make my Spirit's kingdom shine
In glory like a deathless sky,
A cup filled with thy heavenly wine.

In the infinite silence let me merge
Untraversed by the faintest sound,
No wrinkle of rough time disfigure
The Eternal's timeless calm around.

Draw from the slumbering depths of my sea
Pearlèd expressions of the soul,
Thy unmanifest creative Word,
The splendours of thy golden scroll.

From the undiscovered shoreless Vast
Slowly thy mysteries unfold:
My mortal vision lift to sight,
Each atom with thy Beauty mould.

Beyond Earth's Paradise—

TO a great marble house of Time
I came a lonely guest,
He said "Whatever riches you own,
Jewels and silver and the rest

Submit to me and I will bestow
On you the costliest boon,
Beauty and immaculate love,
Life's crowning desire, hewn

From heaven's perfect peace and joy,
In a frail mortal frame
Moments of immortality
And God's red passion-flame!"

In his bright mansion proud and high
I lived a very king,
Love flowed around me like a stream
And beauty blossomed, a golden spring.

Happy was I as none has been,
Lost in a glinting world,
All my dreams intimately woven
In wavy locks and golden-curved.

My eyes drank like delicious wine
Gaze of a white felicity
And glowed as with a starry fire
Of wide sky-ecstasy.

But winter came and a chill frost
Froze the heart of the moon,
For morning buds and laughing streams
A grave of snow-white swoon.

There came a deep and quiet voice:
“Love has his short-lived hour
His red fire fades and beauty dies
Turn to a greater power,

Pass by his transient earthly gifts,
Only by a bleeding sacrifice
Of all you hold and crave and cherish
Is won the Timeless Paradise!”

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Cry From The Dark



TODAY my heart is stricken and sore,
My eyes are darkened and blind,
I cannot see your angel-face!
How shall I ever find

In all this overhanging gloom
What once was lost, regain
That smile of paradisa! eyes,
Whence love and beauty rain?

Remove this hungering shadow's fire,
This smoke of titan cloud
That stifle my spirit's upward urge
With coils of poisonous doubt.

Alone on a timeless smouldering shore
I wait and vainly wait
Counting the green-hooded wild waves,
Until some lurking Fate

Hold me in its fierce dragon-claws,
Or heaven's redemption white
Bring here for my deliverance
Its golden boat of light.

Here are but tears, like silver dew
And ominous whispers round,
And monstrous presences in glee
Dance on Death's burning ground.

A smothered sigh is the heavy air
And Time a press of pain,
Night trails her sad infinity
Under a sick moon's wane!

O unseen stars of my destiny
Shall I yet hear your call
And like an eagle cleave the mists,
Overcoming Nature's fall,

And meet that aureoled face of Dawn,
And the vestal fire of my soul,
Daybreak and the flowers' smile,
The Sun's divine control!

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MY life is as a slow unveiling
Of the imaged beauty of thy Light,
Like a dry century of darkness
Ransomed from the coils of night.

A dimmest star on a fringe of sky
Is glowing like an incense-flame
And spreads its diamond hint of splendour
In a shrine that bears thy haloed Name

White petals of my voiceless love
Thy luminous feet adorn,
Where flowers of a heavenly hue
In silence bow, from silence born.

Still, as the flaming vision grows
And the rapt Godward consciousness,
I hear a sharp and stabbing cry
Tearing my soul's intensities

It is the giant cry of death
Who lures me like a serpent-eye
Into his tombed oblivion
Like a star fallen from thy sky.

I will rise yet healed of my mortal wounds
To thy dome of jewelled ecstasy,
A warrior-soul invincible,
Chainless, orbéd with infinity!

ACROSS the darkness of the night
A wonder-Hand she stretched to me,
But the vague outlines of her face
Hid in a veil of mystery!

The stars burnt out and the wan moon
Peeped from behind a last dim cloud;
But we marched on through barriers
Of rugged hills, the brazen shroud,

The desert silences of time;
A narrow pathway bare and lone
We followed, drunk with the delight
Of conquering some unknown

Riches of a gold spirit sun
Beyond the haunted gulfs of night.
The veil dissolved; the hand I held
Bore up a flame of the Infinite!

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OUT of a distant deep you came
Through a rustling nearness of woods,
O white flower of an unknown name,
Blossom of rapt solitudes!

From every petal you shed
Your hue of fragrant peace
And life awakes to strange far-spread
Reveries.

In the sleepless heart of night
Gleamed no star,
No dimmest flicker of light
Close or far!

In the depths you kindled the rapture-glow
Of a moon-haloed fire,
We heard the immortals' music flow
From heaven's golden lyre.

O Beauty on the highest peak,
From the snow of its sunlit death
One hewed you, streak on streak
Of colour, breath on living breath.

Alone and crowned like a queen you shone
On the edge of the Infinite,
But you left the unshadowed timeless Dawn,
The eternal invisible height,

And into the valley of ignorance
On inconscient earth you came
To lift her from dumb abysmal trance
To thy home of deathless Flame.

THOU hast tinged my vagrant life
With silver hues of dawn
And the gold fires of eve,
Over sky and earth hast drawn

The night, a velvet couch
For my tired soul to rest
In a bright felicity
On thy calm and peaceful breast.

I sleep oblivious
Of mortal hankerings,
Dreams of thy love and beauty
Visit with heavenly wings

And leave their memory
Haunting my still repose,
Like the subtle fragrant breath
Of a lustrous divine Rose.

The conquering smile of thy eyes
And thy immaculate thought
Reveal like a sudden flash
The God-face I have sought

Through countless veils of birth,
A shadow seeking Light,
Though lost was thy white trail
In the wide gulfs of night,

Thou hast kept thy sleepless watch
On my erring human ways.
When, plunged in the abyss,
I called thy infinite Grace,

Thou hast come, Beloved and Friend,
To lift to thy Sun
Leading through timeless deeps
To intimate union.

Now the thick veil is rent
And we for ever meet
My life a passion-flower
Laid at thy luminous feet!

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Part Two

MY thoughts are fruited on thy magic tree
Among gold leaves, hung on a silver bough;
Fruits lustrous, delicate-hued like ivory
Or diamond stars shining on the sky-brow

I pluck them one by one for my heart's store
Where like a rapturous vision they shall glow,
The tranced crystal walls and marble floor
Mirror their flame like glassy mounds of snow.

Each thought is burdened with thy mood divine
And wrapt with thy beauty unimaginable,
Brimming with splendours of a sun-red wine
And songs of a gold-throated nightingale

They are my spirit's moon-deep prayer to thee
Growing from earth-encumbered fiery seed
On a rocky curve of lone eternity—
Woven-incense words and heaven-revered

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A LAMBENT cloud etched on a dream—
Jewel-throated white-peacock shape—
Floats on the night-hushed sapphire stream
From star-cape to gem-outlined cape.

Filled with a heavenly merchandise
It sails, borne by a dim-paced breeze,
The moon's unfathomed glowing eyes
Guide the pearl-trail with wizard rays.

A sudden storm breaks the gold-lined
Tranquillity of the sky-swoon
A fiery dragon's breath, the wind
Blackens the bright dream and the moon.

LET thy silver silence pour
Wonder-rays of the moon
On my lonely sand-grey shore,
Suddenly jewel-strewn.

Many foam-washed shells there bring
Traces of the high
Lustrous sea where, ring on ring,
Breaks a mystery.

All my prayer and bleeding quest
For thy sky-winged Flame
Led me to the dark-veiled West,
Where thy secret Name

Like a dream-orbed twilight shone
In the shadowy deep;
Pathways of the amethyst dawn
Linked in ivory sleep

With the snow-white vigilance
Of an endless light:
Timeless rapture of thy trance—
Oceaned Infinite.



IN the red-white garden of my vision
A myriad flowers glow
Each is fired with thy heavenly mission,
Row on burning row.

Thou hast blown thy Spirit's miracle-breath
On their ivory seeds
Now they blossom in the valley of death,
Dawn-winged dewy beads.

When thy zephyr from some luminous deep
Flows with rings of light,
Their soft tresses in dream-woven sleep
Murmur in the night

And some cadenced footfalls wandering they hear
In the silver mist,—
Snow-foamed ripples of a moon-edged mere,
Gold and amethyst.

O symbols of His jewelled revery
Burning myriad-hued
On my diamond altar, a prophecy
Of His solitude!

In the Moon-White Land of God

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SOMEONE leads me through the flame-paved ways
To a moon-white land of God,
Where the shadow-calls of earth-weariness
Have but in a dream-mist trod.

Blue-grey clouds like rainbow-plumèd birds
Voyage slowly in the air,
Like fire-point torches flicker starry words
Burning in a diamond prayer.

In foam-fleece billow-ranges of the sky
Through their rocky gates of gold
Tracks of my soul's rugged journey lie
To thy heaven's immortal fold.

Make my heart thy home and lead to the far
Vision where thy timeless breath
Glows beyond the sapphire-winged star
In the tranquil dome of Death.

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O RADIANT minstrel of my heart
Sing from your shadow-lonely bower,
Where in white plenitudes apart
Your songs are wed to the timeless Hour.

The first glimpses of a new-born
Laugh of earth-flames in the green wood,
Birds bringing from the depths of dawn
Music of God-beatitude,

Nature's prophetic scrolls of love
Lighting the dome of a dark height,
Cloud-foam-wrapt candles above
On the altar of the Infinite,

Still distances of snowy fields
On undulating sapphire space
And the moon-aureoled night that builds
A silence of weird pale blue rays

Are songs cast by the magic breath
Of Beauty, are a sacrifice
Offered, a lustrous-gleaming wreath
In her gold fane of memories.

I HAVE grown into a milk-white fire of the moon
In the sky-shadow of the Vast,
Clouds of pale figures fall into a swoon
From my soul's radiance cast.

Candle-vision from haunts of starry caves
Flickers on my path of dreams
Like sinuous smiles of pearl-glistening waves
On the heart of rock-strewn streams

Poised in an eagle-calm my thoughts flow
Over dark ranges of night
Burdened with the hues of some invisible glow
Of a sun-dripping light

Around a haloed face they hover and rest
And on its beauty brood
And drink now the gold-brimming nectar, pressed
From its infinitude

MY life is veiled in a sleep of light,
A hush that nothing breaks,
The world before my inward sight
Into pure beauty wakes

Life that is deep and wonder-vast,
Lost in a breath of sound,
The bubbling shadows have been cast
From its heart's timeless round

In its lulled silver stream now shines
A lustrous smile of God
Whose brilliantly curved outlines,
Flashing on the memory-trod

Caverns of slumbering earth, there bring
A glow of the Infinite,
While my soul's diamond voices wing
Into a heaven of light.

AN infinite silence belts my view
With its myriad stars of gold.
The magic beauty of a new
Splendour, magic-scrolled.

From caves of a fathomless abyss
One by one they arise
Burdened with secret memories
Of a lost paradise.

Across a drowsy circle of clouds
And through deep chasms of time
They come, tearing the slumber shrouds
Like peals of a soul-heard chime.

In their heaven-lustrous rhythm I find
Wonders of a world of Light,
Bringing on the earth dim-outlined
The beauty of the Infinite.



MY body is now a flame
Of the Spirit-fire;
Towards thy crystal Name
Its hues aspire.

Nothing shadows its deep
Moon-pearlèd breath
Falling like a still sleep
From the height of Death.

Visions come there and go
Leaving their white
Silence like a hushed glow
Of thy wizard Light.

Slowly I have become
A mirrored dawn
Of earth's lone martyrdom
To thy heaven withdrawn.

In The Deep's Of My Spirit

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IN the shoreless silence of the night
A myriad fires are aglow,
Emerald, ruby and pearl-white
Visions on a timeless brow.

On my path of destiny they cast
Shadows of the heavenly states
That through the voids of time have passed
And the secret flaming gates

And now the deeps of my Spirit shine
With the measureless beauty of God
And are mirrors of His mood divine,
A fathomless Wonder's abode.

And my days are circled round with dreams
Of His endless mysteries;
They come flowing from His luminous sun-streams
On the edge of the Infinities

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In Heart's Crystal Void

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I AM thy loneliness
And thy white fire;
In thy heart's silences
My Spirit-lyre

Sings a celestial tune
Unendingly,
A carol of the moon
On a measureless sea.

My nights and days are cast
In thy heaven-mould
Like to a cup sky-vast
Wrought in sun-gold.

Clouds and stars come and pass
In a shadow void,
While my heart's crystal glass
Reflects unalloyed

Thy image Beauty-born
And intimate,
And the ever-widening dawn
Of thy timeless state.

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Candle-Flames



O STARRY fires, O sacrifice of the dawn
Beyond earth's darkling thought,
In my heart's glow rising, shed your beauty on
My altar twilight-wrought.

These candle flames upon the verge of night
Uplift their flickering arms
Towards your sapphire heaven's cathedral height
Like shadow-winged glow-worms.

Their mortal breath seeks in the wilderness
The moon's argent eyes
To kindle in their blurred gloom-haunted ways
Your vision of Paradise.

Shine on their path, O star-hearted Dawn,
Let your gold-crested sun
Crown the dumb quest of centuries dim-withdrawn,
With its flame-union.



UNDER the shadow of a giant tree
Voices of sky-birds are heard,
Sun-white souls of a gold infinity
To a lustrous music stirred.

With a flaming beauty they are draped
And with starry wings of Death,
By some miracle-hand they are shaped,
Dew-drops of heaven's pearlèd breath.

Upon rocks of drowsy height their seat,
They with earth's lone spirit commune,
Pouring from their heart's luminous-rhythmed beat
Songs of a magic-hearted moon.

Birds of Vision, fraught with heavenly treasure,
Brimming with a diamond peace,
Fill our yearning vastness with the measure
Of your unhorizoned seas

A GIANT bird of Light
From infinity
Looks on the slumbering
Earth silently.

Its endless vigil sees
The luminous brood
Of the ephemeral stars
Blown out and renewed,

And earth's white memory
Like a circling fire
Behind the shadows of life
That suffer and aspire.

Ever it pours from its heart
A wine of the sun,
Pressed from God's luminous vines
Till the glooms are done.

Its deathless moments bring
An Elysian sleep,
Woven of the secrecies
Of His timeless Deep.

Its soul is a pearl of Light
In the hush of the sky,
An eternal wonder-vigil's
Mystery!

TIMELESS flame-wings are spread
Covering the skies
Over her infinite brow,
The sun-fires of her eyes

Pierce through the pitch-dark night
With their shafts of gold,
While her heaven-sculpturing hands
On earth have unrolled

A wonder-pageant of light
Seven-hued,
On seas and mountain snows
And shadowy wood.

In her image a world is unveiled
Of beauty and love
Lost to our memory
Long waiting above.

It seems to descend like rain
In secret showers
On my aspiring soul,
Till its barren hours

Caught in the meshes of time
Glow line on line
Like radiant throbs of bliss
Of her heart divine.

THERE is no other way but one:
Single-hearted like a desert-sun
The wide stretches of molten fire
Must be crossed through though limbs may tire.

You have no other way now, none
The world like a smashed cup is done,
Its frail gossamer memories
Are broken, piece by quivering piece.

Wipe off the dews from your tortured brow!
The blood-stained soul's lone Godward vow
Must never flicker nor become
A shadow of pale martyrdom.

A LONELY tramp of Heaven I go
Along the high watermark of time
Where time itself has ceased to flow
In the silence of the vast Sublime.

The beauty of the earth no longer draws
My spirit to its enchanting fold,
Nor need I for a moment pause
To think whether the light I hold

Within my heart can fade away:
I know that a far greater light
Shall guide my soul with puissant ray
Across the gulf of timeless night.

My feet shall never rest nor tire
Until, my destined journey done,
I stand, led by the inscrutable fire,
Before the seat of the lonely One.

CAST from your sight the veil
That comes between
Each time you turn its gaze
Towards the Unseen.

A transient film of light
Obscures your soul
And hides the ineffable view
Of the aureole

That gleams beyond our skies
Of thought and sleep,
Crowning eternity's
Invisible deep.

The moments are pale and bare
Of Time's barrenness,
Heart-throbs of joy and grief
Perturb the caress

Of heaven's ultimate dream
Around your earth
Waking its frozen life
Into new birth.

The flickering sun must set
With its shadow-tears,
And the cry of the centuries
Pass from your ears,

A song of love and beauty
Break the hushed breath
Of everlasting Mind
On the peak of Death.

I SHALL yet rise like a lone star
In the dark firmament,
Nothing shall ever veil or bar
My spirit's heaven-ascent.

His wondrous beauty I have seen
Shining in the inert clay,
A smile of deathless light within
Its heart of pale decay.

The nearness of his magic breath
Lifts me above the world
Of grey memories to a death
Tranquil and luminous-whorled.

And his vast soul of diamond light
Presses with its sun-thought
Upon the drowse of circling night
In dream-crest billows fraught

With his splendour deep and measureless,
Pearl-pure and luminous gold,
A-brim with wine-red silences
In his cup of infinite mould.

All my dim hours are slowly changed
Into one motionless star
Of his vision, myriad beauty ranged
In a lone glow afar!

No More I Ask....

NO more I ask from thee
What I have gained or lost,
What shadow-veils wrap me,
What distance I have crossed.

Childlike I learn to abide
In thee with perfect trust
And all obscurities hide
Behind thy sun as they must.

The beauty of thy heart
Radiates a fire around,
Till in my spirit shall start
Music of purest sound.

When it haunts my memory,
I see in a circle of light
A heavenly company
Like stars on a moon-crowned height,

And thy voice already I hear.
Unmistakably as a sun
Thy deathless eyes appear
Cleaving oblivion.

I feel within my soul
Crowding like gold fires
The hidden immortal scroll,
The Word that for thee aspires.

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Seeking Thy Light....



SEEKING thy light I came
Through labyrinths of time
To thy vast, O sun-crowned Name,
My soul's felicitous rhyme.

I travelled long alone
Before my eyes could find
Thy heaven-luminous throne
Beyond the shadow-lined

Shore of earth-memories,
Beyond the sombre wave
The mystic silences,
The moon-illuminated cave.

Thy wonder-woven Light
On the verge of time appears,
An eye of the Infinite
On a lone curve of the spheres.



Childhood Dream

MY childhood veiled a secrecy
Within its delicate shroud
Like a splendour of celestial light
Under the folds of a cloud

Often I used to think and feel
That a white dream was laid
Upon my eyes and suns and moons
Out of that dream were made

Bright birds from shadow-rocks began
To sing of marvellous things
And shed feathers of heavenly flame
From their mysterious wings

The whole creation seemed to bear
A memory that I knew:
The listening woods and echoing seas
And the soft, slumbering hue

Of stars on the lone curve of night
Vibrating in their sleep
With a mystical immensity
Of an invisible deep

Awoke a vision in my heart
Whose hint I could not guess.
I felt as if I were a wave
Of some vast consciousness

That links my soul with each fire-breath
Of life and inanimate
Wonders that lie for centuries
In their happy tranced state.

The vision slowly died away
But left behind its mark,
Though a wide chasm eclipsed from view
The apocalyptic spark,

Still in my timeless wanderings
I felt a sudden cry
Within the closed fane of my heart
Reminding of a sky

That hid behind its sapphire veil
Strange faces orbbed with light
And beckoning to their splendour-home
Beyond the brink of night.

Now have I come to a silent shore
Where my spirit is at rest:
It has regained infinity,
Recovered its God-nest.



Silver Wonder

IN the growing silence of the day
A silver wonder glows,
A nucleus, born from the circling clay,
Of light like a strange rose.

In my fathomless abyss it brings
A moment's bright relief
As if some heaven-descended wings
Had flown over this brief

Existence leaving but a trace
Of their miraculous flight
Upon the clustered memories
Of the branching tree of night

My burdened heart becomes a song
Drunk with the wine of sleep
Poured from the bodiless fire-throng
In caves of a luminous deep.



EACH thing bears its own mystery
In the universe,
Even the trill of a wandering bird
Suddenly stirs

The dawn into a coloured song;
A breath of wind
Passing over a slumbering sea
Awakes the blind

Waves to a glimpse of eternity;
Even still flames
Leap out of their imprisonment
In frozen frames.

The hidden secrecies of earth
Slowly rise up
Touched by some miraculous wand
And fill their cup

With splendours of a mystical light.
The world is a voice
Created from bare silences
In a sun-gold poise.

All things form an inscrutable chain
In an unseen scheme
Born from some primal harmony
Of the Supreme.

IN the dreamward silence of the moon
I saw a bird
That had forgotten the luminous vasts,
Weary and unstirred

By any rhythmic wave of the sky,
And the starry beat
Of the flame-heart of infinity
Wakes not its feet

Out of the frozen solitude
Of decaying light,
Or the wings drooping into sleep
In the cage of night.

But like a resurrection comes
A sudden glow
Of a limitless gold-dripping sun,
And melts the snow

From its chilled spirit and reveals
Before its gaze
Vistas and bright immensities
Beyond the haze

Of time and its waning history:
The awakened bird
Voyages, a ship with foam-white sails
Towards the lost Word.

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EXILED on earth I lived
In deep forgetfulness,
I could no more believe
That once my weary days

Had seen the timeless wings
Approach like a visiting star
Or veiled awakenings
Where night's extremities are.

Then came to my memory
A sudden luminous streak,
As hovering over a tree
A golden poignant beak

That tasted every fruit,
And each that fell from the boughs
Awoke within the mute
Interminable drowse

Of earth, a growing fire
Invading her rocky sleep,
Ascending ever higher
To the viewless height of a steep.

There like a spray it broke
In scintillating rays
And from the abyss arose
With long forgotten days

Of lustrous thought and dream,
Circling around a sun
Lost veil of the Supreme
When shadows all are done.

LIKE a white wandering sail
Across the blue of night
My thought voyages towards
The gulf of the Infinite

I hear hushed voices of earth
Come burdened with the tears
Of time, drifting along
The spaces of shadow-years

But a magic breath of flame,
A strange entranced glow
Figured on a wide calm
Intensity of snow,

Like a way-lost golden sun
Carries the infant dawn
In its mysterious womb
Timelessly sleeping on.

My restful dreams escape
Behind the jewelled doors
Of life to the far unknown
Beauty of mystic shores,

Where in a still repose
Seeds of high vision grow
And fruits of eternity
They touch the world's dim brow

With a radiant caress
Waking the memories
Lulled in its crusted swoon
Of the unborn ecstasies

From which the cosmic fire
Sprang rhythmic into Space
That God's body might be born
And the Formless wear a face



O SILENCE of the infinite Soul,
Settle in my heart,
Make each beat of its mortal hour
A fathomless part

Of thy unimaginable deep;
My growing mood,
A motionless inscrutable fire
Of thy solitude,

Unmarred by the foam of timeless waves
That rise and fall
Along a verge of wandering dream
Beyond earth's call

The luminous distances of life
Slowly retire
From the interruptions of dim thought
Into a higher

Existence, where for ever cease
All cry and stress
And vain shadows in a rhythmic sea
Of inwardness.

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CREATION like a fair
Offers all things
From a child's toy to the sun's
Space-haunted wings

To our bound mortality.
Our dream of a life
Tasting the infinite bliss
Seems but a brief

Thought-mist dying away
Beyond day's edge
For soon there follows Night's
Dragon image

That grips within its claws
The seed of light,
Till an omnipotence
Crowned with a white

Immortal memory
Comes to awake
From frozen somnolence
The germinal streak.

Then the coiled serpent-fire
Rises again
Into its rapturous heaven
Without a strain

Of time's flame-wavering mood,
And a new birth
Begins from the travail
Of aspiring earth.

I HAVE waited for thee to come,
O minstrel-bird,
Into my life's white dome
With thy prophetic word.

Time flows and leaves no sign
Of its aimless haste
On my brooding silence-line
That follows a quest

Eternal, never it ends
But in a high
Sun-gold beauty that bends
Like a burdened sky

On earth with a dream-caress
And fills each beat
With ecstasies measureless
Pressed by her feet.

The shadow-spaces behind
My heart's lone mood
Mirror the fathomless Mind
On their dim-hued

Vision and then awake
Like a swan asleep
From its frozen still lake
To an aureoled deep

These haloed immensities
Invade the soul
With their foam-white rush of seas.
Suddenly unroll

Mystery on mystery,
Each bearing a Word
Of primal secrecy
That never was heard

Before by mortal ear;
But now it brings,
From an invisible sphere
On flaming wings,

Wonder-epiphanies
Of an unseen Face,
Wrapping my loneliness
In a vast embrace.



Voice Within The Heart

I BEAR a subtle voice within my heart,
A silent power my will cannot ignore,
It calls me to a vastness where Thou art,
A flaming sun beyond earth's sombre door.

Life's wanderer sails of thought drifting in each wind
Grow still on a transparent sea of hush
In the immensity of thy fathomless mind:
I am filled with light-caress in a fiery rush.

The joy and grief of Nature's flickering moods,
The search of passion in her wayless maze,
Are shadows forgotten by a soul that broods
On a rapturous Presence and a timeless Face.

I am awake to thy call and feel a high
Sense of omnipotence in my human frame,
While the whole universe seems to be a cry
To the apocalypt-vision of thy Name

A crust has given way and I behold,
No more enslaved to earth's mortality,
That Thou hast made my body into a gold
Vessel of the sun-wine of thy ecstasy



A FIRE rises towards the height of God,
A flower of infinity, it breaks
Into a skiey vastitude, silence-shod.
The world of stars from its diamond sleep awakes.

The fleeting sparks of life grow dim, aware
Of the hidden glory of an invisible sun
That follows the path of time like a flaming prayer
Bringing into a high communion

The spirit of earth with fathomless spheres of light.
All now is hushed in a calm splendid death,
And every sound born from the Infinite
By the magic touch of some white germinal breath

Reaches the shore of our mortality.
Its rhythmic undertones stirred in our heart
Become a fiery universal cry
To be a lustrous and immortal part

Of the veiled consciousness that leads unknown
The vast creation to its secret goal.
Our lonely call of suffering outgrown
We gain the heritage of the eternal Whole.

Seeds Of Vision

WITHIN the flaming circles of my thought
New seeds of vision grow,
From the heart of timeless silences they are brought
In a rain of rapture-glow

The grey moments of life no more can veil
The moon-bright face of God;
My dreams sing to him like Heaven's nightingale,
Far from this earth-abode

On a soul-solitary height, where all
Our movements find a deep
Tranquillity broken by no dim footfall
Or murmuring breath of sleep.

A divine beauty wakes now everywhere;
Nature becomes a white
Altar of Grace, an everlasting prayer
Towards the Infinite.

~ ~ ~

Vision Of The Invisible



I gather fruits of thought on a timeless shore,
The measureless silence breaks into a sound,
A rhythmic fire that opens a secret door
And the treasures of eternity are found.

Life then becomes a constant new delight,
All figures and all things express the one
Primeval beauty of the Infinite
Lined with the gold of an immortal sun.

My moments pass with moon-imprinted sail
Leaving behind an emptiness of dream,
Where mortal breath reflects a shadow-pale
Vision of the invisible Supreme.

They grow out of their sombre dwelling-cave
Into the wide heaven of the luminous Whole,
Till every movement is a diamond wave
Upon the tranquil ocean of the Soul.



THE breath of life is a flame mystery
That circles towards a hidden altitude,
A spark, a movement of eternity
And in its occult seed a veiled Godhood.

Creation is a child of God-delight,
Born from illimitable seas of sound
It turns to its tranquil source in the Infinite
Escaping from the monotone of Time's round.

The mystic Light that shines in every heart
Climbs towards an unknown solitary Sun
And joins its own immortal counterpart
Accomplished in that timeless union.

Thus all things born pass into a divine
Nothingness and reach that single Bliss again
Whence they sprang like stars on a nebulous sky-line,
A fathomless beauty in a sphere of pain.

IN the silent spaces of my thought
A glow of unknown beauty falls;
White dreams of moon-edged spheres have brought
A diamond sleep within their walls.

I stand on the world's lonely verge
And look across its timeward shore,
Where the heart's eagle-winged urge
Rises beyond earth's sombre door

In a flaming ecstasy of light,
And from the unseen vastitude
Comes down the formless Infinite
On the altar of our humanhood.

He takes a shadowy mortal shape;
But fathomless immensities
With an omnipotent power drape
His body's limitless mysteries,

And his giant soul's inscrutable fire
Awakes from the motionless depth of night
A secret sun, and we aspire
Like a prayer on a solitary height

To grow into a life divine
Crowned by a gold eternity,
Where every moment is the shine
Of his splendour in a timeless sky.

THEY sky is a blue fire,
Aglow in the night,
What eternities are piled
On its starry height'

Earth's clamour fails to reach
Its tranquil shore,
Only the billows of time
Circle ever more.

And world on world is cast
From its sleepless whirl
And a lustre within its heart
Glow like a pearl

In a still secrecy
Breathed by sun and moon
From the bright solitude
Of the Timeless' swoon.

The sky is a gold fire
Of starry dust
From heaven's immensities
Wrought, lone and hushed.

O FLICKERING stars, perched on a granite poise of sky,
Drop from your heaven-assailing height
Myriad-hued dreams on slumbering earth-memory
Edged with a dimly throbbing night.

Bring on the billows of your fathomless diamond seas
Echoes of far infinity
Into the dark grey margins of our silences,
Their pages of colourless history

Lift us from narrow circles of our life
To your deep mystery-chanting choir
Beyond our altar's shadow-rapt flames—pale and brief,
Of your soul-gripping song unaware.

Leave in the stillness of our grey-haunted shore
Trails of your Spirit's moon-pearled glow,
And write in our sand-emptiness the mystic lore
Scrolled on your sapphire-luminous brow.

IT is the life within
That makes life beautiful
Only the soul can win
The love of God and rule

Over the titan throng
That bars our heavenly flight
With forces triple strong
Veiling the Infinite.

Orbed with the glow we come
From far infinity,
But in earth's martyrdom
We lose the memory

We travail in the dark
For ages and alone,
Till the sun-luminous streak
Resumes again its own

Supremacy and tears
The shadow-cloak of time
That our lost Spirit wears,
Revealing the Sublime.

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TWO strange inscrutable eyes,
Two frail transparent hands,
Shape now our destinies,
But their force none understands.

For how can human sight
Peer into her fathomless
Mysteries beyond the light
Of our dim consciousness?

Each movement of her feet
And smile of her face divine
Moves every fire-heart-beat
As with a glowing wine

The vast creation bears
The grandeur of her soul,
And our veiled spirit shares
Her splendour's aureole.

Her immortal bliss we drink
And shine from hour to hour
With her beauty on the brink
Of her eternal Power.

ETERNITIES are crowded in a seed,
While the white hush of long centuries
Breaks into sudden fire of delight
On the immutable peak of secrecies.

A viewless throb of wings beneath a star,
And luminous shadows hovering around
A vision-haunted sky come wrapt within
The vast deep network of a primal sound.

The history of thought from a Silence born
That lives invisible to mortal gaze,
Is focussed to a point burdened with the dream
Of an inscrutable and rapturous face.

My lone existence is a diamond spark
United to His sun-immensity
Behind the veil of time and follows its path
Along an edge of unknown destiny,

Till from life's fathomless depth awakes the soul
Into a rhythmic universe of Light
And the two extremities of heaven and earth
Merge in the timeless heart of the Infinite.

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AT earth's far end I sat alone
Upon a jutting slab of stone,
And watched the blue infinity
Carrying its strange mystery

I saw fall on its breath of foam
An opal hush from twilight's dome,
I saw night wrap in starry veils
The folds of the moon-crested sails

A shining figure from the sea
With golden wings came near to me
And said, "Down in my wonder-deep
White dreams and pearlèd visions sleep

Under a dark eternal seal,
To those who plunge I can reveal
Immortal splendours of sun and moon
Flowing from my cave of timeless swoon.

Throw off the earth's yoke from thy soul, .
My jewelled kingdoms shall unroll
Beyond thy dream-gaze and be thine,
Crowned with my measureless boons divine."

He vanished in the slumbrous night,
But left a zone of heavenly light
Around me and my whole being and sense
Filled with his haloed magnificence.

With break of dawn the vision passed
From memory and I was cast
Into the whirl of time's abyss,
Its wheel of circling histories.

But to my eyes the wide world seemed
Like a dry seed, a grey sheath gleamed
Over its surface weary and old,
Life lay in death's invisible hold

Within by a fire and stillness pressed
I turned to my spirit's ultimate quest
In the inviolable shrine of God
I made his Vast my lone abode.

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MY passions one by one turn towards thee
Like stars in midnight's silence, peacefully
They lie on the altar of a silver dream
To be cast into a vision of the Supreme

The hidden voices of the earth arise
Into a circle of vast mysteries,
Unimaginable strange solitudes
Where the visage of an infinite beauty broods.

All joy of life is now a shining part
Of the ecstasy of the eternal Heart,
Where time is a voyage with wide unfurled wings,
The flame-sails of unknown awakenings.

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A Throb Of The Vast

THY rapturous presence I adore
In my secluded heart
It grows like a sun ever more
And makes my spirit a part

Of thy heaven-worshipped loneliness,
Where pale moth-crowds of thought
And flux of time in a fathomless
Rhythm of hush are wrought

My days are changed into a gold
Unquenchable fire of soul
That climbs from the body's dragon-hold
Towards the timeless Whole.

The caverned distances of my mind
Are filled with an incense-breath
Of beauty blown by a crystal wind
From a land of aureoled Death

And now I see around my deep
Reverie an endless flow
Of ecstasy from thy white sleep
Like a mirrored range of snow

I am a throb of that luminous Vast
Beating each fragment-hour
In the unknown secrecy glassed
Of thy vision's eagle power.





Part Three

Quest Fulfilled

O BEAUTY, I have sought thee everywhere,
But my eyes failed to find thy hidden abode,
Then a voice rang through the silver hush of air
And I began my strange journey to God.

Now I have met thy everchanging Face
Swayed by a myriad inscrutable moods,
Each an expression of thy fathomless grace
Showering the supreme beatitudes

My soul's eternal quest fulfilled in thee,
I am to thy heart inseparably bound,
Thou hast revealed thy human mystery
To my aspiring senses, they are crowned

With visions that penetrate the veil of time
Like a gleam of stars piercing a nebulous haze,
And bring close to my spirit God's sublime
Beauty sculptured in thy mysterious Face.

THOU callest me with thy deep subtle voice
Whose still miraculous power I cannot ignore,
Irrevocable is my Spirit's choice
And I belong to the sombre world no more.

Yet like a dragon-cloud its shadow falls
Upon my heart and masks the mystic flame
That rises up from time's encircling walls
Towards the lonely sun-height of thy Name

I am lost in a wide dreadful gulf of night,
A star struggling to climb from a black sea,
But wave on wave invades the diamond light
And drown in turbulent foam its burning cry

With outstretched arms Thou comest and thy grace
Lifts me and carries like a child along
The unknown ways in thy secure embrace,
Murmuring in thy bosom like a happy song

I HAVE wandered in the forests of the mind
And encountered there fierce beasts of prey
Living on nature's weaknesses that bind
Our freedom to an animal sway

Within hard rocks of passion is their den
Invulnerable like a fort,
The strong assaults of the spirit only win
Over their timeless rule a short

Victory and we lapse back into our old
Pit of stark Self-forgetfulness
Squandering our pittance of a handful of gold,
We pray for heaven's omnipotent grace

To lift us from the mind's dense slavery,
The body's inordinate desire
A way we find out of their tyranny
Through the ordeal of the heart's fire

And, master of our nature, live in the soul
Whose kingdom is the universe
Mortality no more a beggar's bowl
Held up for an alms of laughter and tears!

Orison To Divine Beauty



I HAVE glimpsed a magic beauty in thy Face,
It floats before my sight in tranquil air
And turns the silence of my spirit-space
To a diamond energy of timeless prayer.

For mortal beauty I can crave no more,
Thou art the centre of my universe,
And in thy heart I have found the secret door
Leading to the ecstasy of the hidden spheres.

My heart begins to open like a rose
To the subtle touch of thy mysterious Power,
Tinged with imperishable hues it glows
Upon the summit of the eternal Hour,

And sings an orison to thy supreme
Beauty that moulds my life into a strange
Epiphany of thy apocalypt dream,
Approached by no wave of human mood and change.



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Single Smile

A SINGLE smile from thee awakes in us
A bliss unknown to worlds of human thought,
Losing life's shadow-inconsistencies
Our hearts are to a luminous harmony wrought.

Our life and death are thy mysterious boons,
Haloed by thy grace an inner beauty glows,
Even their wild notes and disparate tunes
Blend in thy play like petals of a rose.

Ever we bow to what thy will decides,
For unimpeachable is thy secret law,
Though from our eyes thy occult purpose hides
And we are carried like an aimless straw

On the wide current of thy will, we shall reach
Our heaven built with granite rocks of peace
On the bright desert of a timeless beach,
Washed by the laughter-waves of seven seas.

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Glimpse Of The Mystery

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I HAVE drunk deep at the wanton fount of life.
Sate with the ruby-fire of its wine
I turn, a soul consumed by earthly strife,
Back where the way begins to life divine.

From my heart's orbit shadows fall away
And a bright solitude is made its base,
On the height of thought is seen a diamond ray
That links through unseen spheres this wilderness

With a crowned sun whose brilliant majesty
Moves this creation on a golden wheel;
Beyond the flickering star a rhythmic sea
Flows murmuring towards an inviolable

Silence outspread, a radiant limitless shore,
From whose borders multitudinous pathways lead
Through innumerable arches to a core
Of Mystery, creation's nucleus-seed.

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O LIGHT inviolable, shine on the brink
Of the earth-memory that I may drink
From thy sky-cup the inexhaustible wine
That brims along the spirit's sapphire line.

The burning flight of Mind has sailed around
The seerhood of horizonless thought and found
Within the circle of the brooding night
The timeless visage of the Infinite

My heart is now a canticle of prayer
It dwells like a pure breath of crystal air
Upon a bare peak of tranquillity
Amid the foam of a mysterious sea.

I illumine Nature with my loneliness
Poised on eternal calm my deathless days
Travel with eagle-wings from deep to deep,
Tearing the veil of the Inconscient's sleep.



BEYOND Dawn's precipice a marvel-swan,
Wings in infinity spread, gazes on earth
Mysteries awake from deep oblivion
Like stars that shine on the edge of a new birth

New rhythms are cast in shape and voices high
Move in tranquillities of fire, the slow
Murmurs of the wind's echoing symphony
Merge in the cadenced universal flow.

The dark incidents of necessary pain
Falling like unescapable blows of fate
Leave but a trace of an ephemeral stain
On the closed bar of the heart's diamond gate

Now a flame-vision breaks upon the path
That led through myriad curves and dents of space;
After the deluge comes its aftermath
A revelation of the apocalypt-face

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IN a strange thrill of fire my spirit leaps
As I remember thy mysterious face,
All beauty seems a spark born from thy grace
Even the dim invisible flame that sleeps

In the cradle of night curtained by nebulous dreams
Bears the still secret of thy magic thought,
The vast silences of the sky are wrought
From thy immutable ecstasy that streams

Like a song through every branching space of air.
Thy subtle Presence dwells in every heart,
The brooding infinities are a timeless part
Of thy vision and its sun-magnificence share.

My solitude is filled with thy delight;
Drinking thy beauty like a passionate wine
My flickering mortality grows divine,
A shadowless image of the Infinite

~ ~ ~

I HEAR thy footfalls at my spirit's door,
O Beauty, my quest is done, I seek no more.
My eyes importunate dwell upon thy Face
And drink a cup of ecstasy from each gaze.

Bowing my head at thy immaculate feet
I feel that thou controllest every beat
Of my human heart by a miraculous power
That grows like a young sun from hour to hour.

Thy hand's least touch brings back into my mind
A deep glimpse of a memory behind
The veil of time, when my soul was with thee,
An intimate part of thy infinity

Again into the lone empyrean height
I climb like a star from the abyss of night
To find in thee my lost primeval home,
Escaping from earth's mortal martyrdom

The Secret Fire

IN an embowered silence of the woods
The fruits of mortal passion grow,
Life with its many-coloured hidden moods
Bears on its waves of silver flow

The rich delight of an invisible fire,
Whose wandering flames of mystery
Are tinged with hues of an unknown desire
Born from abysses of secrecy

A spark of the Infinite, our pilgrim-life
Travels through realms of light and shade
Where all intensities are but a brief
Footfall of faery dream and fade

But out of some deep hollow wakes a sound
That echoes past the cycle of time,
Beyond the impenetrable Veil is found
The immortal hush of the Sublime

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UPON my tree of vision settles a bird
From the far diamond forests of the sky,
Each single branch is magically stirred
By sun-wing-beats into strange ecstasy

Its seeds of passion grow to luminous fruits
That draw immortal sap from the breast of earth
And the clustered tentacles of the gnarled roots
Quiver with the spirit urge to a new birth

The dead bark falls and leaves a fresh desire
To leap within, throb upon rhythmic throb;
The decadent leaves are burnt in white soul-fire
To make room for a fairer glistening robe

Upon a bank of timeless thought it stands,
Spreading fan-wise its boughs of emerald light,
And drinks the wine of beauty from sun-gold hands
That hold the inverted cup of the Infinite.

Winter-Bird

I COME from deeps of untrodden snow,
A winter-bird,
Each note of mine is a silver glow,
A magic word
My plumes are spangled with the dew
Of heavenly flowers,
By my wing-waft nights and days renew
Their fruitful hours
Life's tragic shows are brought by my pale
Rejected feathers,
Carried by the drift of an autumn gale
Beyond the tethers
Of my moon-white thought, they reach this globe
And run like fires
That sway and sweep, a blazing robe
Of earth-desires
In a cool shower my nectarous song
Falls on the grass:
A myriad beauty of flowers throng
Dancing where was
Only scorched earth Then is fulfilled
My supreme truth,
For life and death are secrets sealed
Of eternal Youth

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A MID night's flickering mirth a sky-winged Thought
Dreams of the gold citadel of the Sun,
Infinity holds like a fiery dot
The beauty of its world-dominion.

Spark upon spark lighting the eternal way,
Leaps from the horizon of a secret Deep,
While heavenward moments of earth's mortal day
Fly from the clutches of time's dragon sleep

The spaces are besieged with diamond trails,
Across a solitude of mystic night
A poignant cry of spirit-fire assails
The high impregnable dome of the Infinite

Secret Kinship

I BEAR upon a mirror of tranquil space
The imperishable beauty of thy Face
And every little gesture and shining mood,
O mortal figure of Infinitude!

We meet here upon earth's dim flickering shore
Forgetful of our past that with barred door
Locks in its memories and are born anew
Like stranger stars in skies of an unknown blue.

But in a sudden moment is revealed
Our intimate kinship through dark slumber-stilled
Centuries, we know ourselves a part of thee
Under the brief veil of humanity.

Now the long mists of time have ceased to brood
Upon the brink of my heart's visionhood,
My seeds of consciousness grow one by one
Into a fire-awakening of the Sun

~ ~ ~

OUT of a burning row of candle-stars
New flames of vision climb
Towards the silence of the magic bars
And the choir of the Sublime

The shadow-spaces of the sky are fraught
With a transparent peace,
Bearing an infinity of voiceless thought
In their heart's memories

Within the tranquil spirit's fathomless deep
A strange beauty is found,
It shines through a beatitude of sleep,
Its fires of rhythmic sound

Blaze through the subtle spheres in an ecstasy
Of inarticulate prayer
Nature becomes a song of eternity
And breathes immortal air

UPON mortality's shore breaks a God-dawn
That shall compel the soul's inviolable fire
From time's interminable round withdrawn
Towards the infinite Glory to aspire

Immortal beauty on creation's sky
Shall quiver with intimate rhythms of this divine
Silence of an entranced eternity,
And earth become a cup of nectarous wine

Brimming with a rapturous foam of gold delight,
Each flame-born thought shall rise beyond the grey
Horizon of impenetrable night
To meet the grandeur of a timeless Day

And all our mortal dreams shall tinge with a streak
Of the deathless Vision, Nature's tired sleep
Pass like a breath and everywhere shall break
A new Dawn from the Spirit's fathomless deep

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THY Presence wraps me with a subtle glow,
Inspiring all my movements from behind,
Even the imperceptible breaths that flow
In my still sleep bear thy white hush of Mind

I draw from thy Spirit's inexhaustible source
A wealth of beauty that illumines each mood
And opens one by one the secret doors
Behind which burns the spark of thy Godhood

Now all my moments, born from thy delight,
Are each a star that wheels around thy Face,
A timeless sun-visage of the Infinite,
Embodiment of His immortal Grace

Day after day I come closer to thee
Until dividing space shall disappear,
And sharing thy vision of eternity
I see the lone universe like a diamond tear.



Divine Intercession

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TOWARDS the worship of thy sacred face
My silver moments travel silently
And live upon a mystic height of space
Like stars glowing with unknown ecstasy

O timeless beauty, spirit's immortal Bride,
Visit the lonely edge of the mortal shore,
Within my soul's transparent calm abide,
Open to Infinity time's leaden door

Bring to my earthly lips thy secret wine,
It shall brim from my heart's cup in golden foam,
Drinking, my life's desires shall grow divine
And find in thee their lost primeval home.

Beyond the farthest leap of thought I speed
Like an arrow voyaging through an air of dream;
Beauty unimaginable, intercede
Between earth's joy and the Ecstasy supreme

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I STRAIN my mortal eyes to hear thy voice
Sweet and elusive like most subtle air
Only an inmost silence and wide poise
Those deep intangible melodies can share.

Inorbed by thy spirit's inexhaustible peace
I tread an unknown solitary way
To the heart's vast horizonless release
And the changeless beauty of immortal Day.

I have left behind the lonely shore of earth,
Dead are her brooding thoughts, her clay desires
I have become a glory of sun-birth
That with outstretched arms of prayer to thee aspires.

Open to a new vision, now my eyes
Find a strange joy in each ephemeral thing,
And life no more a veil of mysteries,
But a shadowless ecstasy of awakening.

A GREY line of old memory recedes
Before the rumour of dawn-awakening,
And from my heart break out the flaming seeds
Of light in an immaculate offering

Earth finds in me her spirit's intimate voice,
And all her hopes are moulded through my clay;
The fleetest silver wings of thought rejoice
To fly into my vision's widening day

The silken garb of night veils now no more
Her soul's eternal beauty, a sudden stream
Of splendour drifts along time's lonely shore
We feel through life's interminable dream

The voiceless grandeur of the Infinite,
And are inhabitants of a universe,
Where every form is a symbol of delight
Shining like a star on the brink of mystic shores.



O Beauty Imperishable



WHAT world of power you hold in your mortal hand
O beauty imperishable of heaven's Mood!
On the wonder-verge of earth your figure stands
Like a sun crowning the sky-solitude

We follow our time-grey round and cannot see
The Infinite's splendour mirrored in your face,
Or feel you bear our pale mortality
Like a weary child in your fathomless embrace

The kingdom of your light you now have brought
That its immortal treasures we may share
And grow beyond the passionate fire of thought
Into a universe of tranquil prayer.

Everywhere now is heard the ardent cry
That you have wakened in each yearning soul.
In you we find our dream of eternity
And capture in your heart God's limitless whole.



